

3-28-1919

## The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 47 number 10 - March 28, 1919

Bates College

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Bates College, "The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 47 number 10 - March 28, 1919" (1919). *The Bates Student*. 540.  
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Mar 19

MAGAZINE SECTION

# THE BATES STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

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Subscription, Two Dollars Per Year, In Advance

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Vol. XLVII. LEWISTON, MAINE, MARCH 28, 1919. No. 10

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*Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Lewiston, Maine*

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## EDITORIAL

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### A CHALLENGE

An old riddle asks, "What is the largest room in the world?" The answer is, of course, "Room for improvement." Like everything else the magazine section of the "Student" has an apartment in this room. Useful furnishings will be appreciated. The statement has been made that the students



do not read this magazine, which merely suggests that some do not. Now we are wondering why.

The first reason that suggests itself is that the material in it does not interest them—possibly the choice of language seems crude and amateurish to their critical minds; perhaps its type of stories are too simple in plot, or too slow in action to appeal to them. Perhaps its essays are too frivolous for some or too slow for others. We are just wondering—and, incidentally, giving you who wish to criticize, a variety of possible criticisms ready-made.

At any rate, we should like to know what you think of the paper and why you think so. There are two things to tell us,—what you like about it, and what you don't like. If you look at the list of editors and assistants you can easily find out whom to blame for the magazine. Why don't you hunt up one of these persons and say, "I like this story or that essay; why don't you have more like it?" or "Why on earth do you print such stuff as this? I don't care for it at all." or, best of all, "I've written something you may have to look over if you like. It's as good as some things I've seen printed." (The last sentence is usually an aside.) As for some of the underclassmen who are yet shy and retiring, they can easily write down a modest criticism of what the magazine has published, or a sample of what it might like to publish, and slip it into the box in the library vestibule. If the papers are marked *Magazine*, the news-editor will not get them confused with their departments.

In a recent daily paper was the observation that once the pastor left the ninety and nine to seek the straying one, but that now the pastor stayed to preach to the one in the church about the ninety and nine who were straying. Those who read this challenge read the paper; what can we do about the few or many who don't read it? It would be altogether rude and far from modest for one of the editors to approach a subscriber and say, "Do you like what we are publishing?" The poor student thus accosted would be too polite to tell the truth. Whereas if some disinterested person should ask him, he

might give an honest opinion or criticism worth passing on. He might even feel some curiosity as to what is being published. The experiment is worth trying.

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### WHAT WE HAVE TO READ

This month we were lucky enough to get a bit of actual experience from one of our boys who has seen a year in France. It would be a pity if any one should overlook Donald Wight's interesting article *All in the Day's Work*.

Most of us are interested more or less in the "foreigners" of the city and all of us will be interested "more" after we read of *A Bit of Life from Lincoln Street*, as written of by Miss Page.

College students as a class are satisfied to see their work in print, with the glory their reward, but some of Miss Symmes's stories have actually brought her real money. We are lucky to have a semi-professional contribute to our pages.

These are some of the striking observations which are suggested. The reader may discover others more striking among the other material.

---

### A KEEPSAKE

My keepsake is a pleasant memory—  
A moment in a golden frame;  
A ray of sunshine on the floor,  
A dusky corridor, an open door,  
And on your lips,—my name.

'19

## HIS WEDDING MORN

EVA SYMMES, '20

"Good-bye, boys, I'm going to be married to-mor—row, Silverino!" sang Dominick Palynbro, his tones still reminiscent of black olives.

Only a guttural grunt answered him.

They were mill hands, these two, dark, swarthy, and covered with oily lint, but intelligent and quite Americanized. A slight accent and rapid gesticulation proclaimed them of foreign lineage.

The response amused Dominick. He leaned back against the press and laughed, until the echo returned sharply through the air so unwonted to silence.

"Aw, don't make such a big noise, you fool!" sneered Silverino in disgust.

"Why not, Silverino? I marry sweet Camelia, to-morrow! You know her,—lives just 'round the corner. The one with the big eyes, the lips, the,—ah, Silverino, but I'm the happy man!" Whereupon he demonstrated most eloquently upon his surly companion the appreciation of her charms.

"Ah, yes you'll be a happy man alright when you have two or three kids t' support on wages that can't keep yourself and the woman. Who'll laugh five years from now, who'll laugh, who'll laugh?" Then lowering his voice and bending nearer,

"Dominick, did y' read the signs on the post back yonder?" The joy disappeared.

"Yes, Silverino, I did."

"Well, what did y' thing of 'em?"

"Not much."

"That's because you got your education in America. I've worked here now a long time, Dominick, and I see how they to slave it on to us, I see it, damn them! I see how they get rich-



er, how we get poorer every day!" His voice grew thick with hatred. "It's got t' be stopped, Dominick and to-night! We'll send their devilish money where it belongs!"

His face became livid during the recital, with all the fierceness of the Italian race.

But you," he added half pityingly, "you're too young to understand."

"I understand, Silverino," Dominick hastily replied. "It's not the idea of it, it's the damage, the night shift,"—he added thoughtfully.

"They've been warned," interrupted Silverino eagerly, "they'll get out. And lad, there's somethin' in it for you if you come with me to-night!"

"With you, Silverino?"

"Yes, I was chosen. Think how handy it would be to get a little furniture f' you and th' girl. You ain't rich, and besides, think of the good you'll be doin'!"

The younger man quivered with emotion. All the Latin blood of adventure rose in his veins. In a desperate whisper he said,

"I'm with you! What time?"

Silverino looked about carefully and barely murmured,

"Two—to-morrow morning!"

The great whistle blew; the mighty mill rumbled heavily; the afternoon's work had begun.

The latter part of the day wore on slowly as it always does in a mill. Dominick was restless; the noise withered him, jarred upon his highly strung nerves. The mad confusion of emotions made his mind a very whirlpool of distress. The insatiate longing for the dawn of his wedding day, the joy of it all! He whistled; he sang. And then the insidious secret. It rankled; it burned, until he feared for his sanity. Gladly he heard the whistle blow at the end of the day's labor; for was he not to dine this night with his loved Camelia?

The evening passed rapidly with plenteous mirth. Camelia was gay to the utmost of her ability, and Dominick forgot all his troubles. Not until he held her in his arms for a last



embrace did he feel again the awful dread. She looked him full in the eyes, questioningly, anxiously.

"Oh, my Dominick, you'll be careful, won't you, dear?"

How did she know? He searched for a clue; then reassuring himself that she could not, he kissed her again.

"Why Camilia, you are not afraid of losing me before tomorrow, are you?" He asked laughingly.

"Of course not, Dominick, only, well,—I just wanted to be sure."

The chimes on the Congregational Church told the hour of one-thirty. Two men waited quietly and stealthily in the underbrush near the mill of the American Woolen Company. They had watched the moon sink—for darkness was their chief of staff now. They were lost to everything, all but lost to themselves. The minutes crept ponderously on; Dominick took out his watch, measured the seconds by its luminous dial; twitched nervously; and replaced it in his pocket. The irritable strain of inertia was growing. Silverino accidentally rustled a bush, and swore a deep oath.

"Be still! The bomb!" commanded Dominick.

The chimes told the quarter hour.

The silence became unbearable. Dominick started to think but he could not. A queer presence, as a mighty hand, choked him. What made his watch tick so loudly? Would it never stop?

"Hs-st,—lie low!" whispered Silverino. The sound of quick, running footsteps came through the stillness. They were approaching! The plotters scarcely breathed. They wildly sensed the nearness of the runner; they heard the short gasps; but the darkness was impenetrable.

"Dominick! Are you there?" It was a girl's voice.

Dominick started, shivered as with the ague, then answered sternly,

"Camelia, you must go home! What brought you here?"

"Oh, I found out, Dominick, and I was—afraid for—you."

Don't do it, Dominick, don't do it!" She was now sobbing and clinging to him.

"For God's sake shut up!" came from Silverino. His watch was in the palm of his hand. It was two minutes of two!

"Go home, Camelia, if you love me," entreated Dominick roughly pushing her aside. "You *can't* stay!"

"I will stay, I will, I will!" Her voice became almost a wail. "You are wicked, wicked, and I can't make you stop!"

Silverino suddenly thrust the watch into his shirt, carefully lifted a heavy object, and was gone in the darkness.

Dominick sprang after him.

No one knew how it happened. Perhaps the enshrouding darkness was responsible. No one knew. When the sun arose that morning it cast pale gleams over a huge, elm tree close beside the mill of the American Woolen Company. Shivering crowds below watched the cold greyness slip away. They looked upward silently, solemnly, awestruck. There on the top-most branches, glaring in the morning light, swayed three human heads! Two were mangled beyond recognition; the other waved masses of shining hair to the wind.

In a moment the sun came forth in splendor; the night had gone forever. Somewhere nearby a hollow voice whispered, "His wedding morn!"

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## ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

DONALD WIGHT, '21

Was I dreaming or was I hearing the terrible truth? "Wake up men, gas attack expected in two hours," were the words that brought me out of bed wide awake at quarter past two on a Sunday morning. It was the gas guard who was visiting each billet to warn every man of the expected attack. There were four other sergeants in the dugout beside myself and we immediately prepared ourselves for whatever might happen.

The company headquarters was in Beaumont and most of the men were billeted in the village but about fifty of us were down the road a short distance living in dugouts. This road ran nearly due east and west was only about two miles from Mont Sec and the German lines. The enemy's line, or at least where it was supposed to be, could be plainly seen by any one walking along the road. Our "abris" were dug under the road from the side opposite the enemy. The trench leading to the dugouts was about two hundred feet long and parallel to the road.

Back in the open field about seventy five yards were two seventy-five millimeter guns and one one hundred fifty-five millimeter gun used for sniping. All of their shells went directly overhead and these guns were busy most of the time. Evidently they had been doing some very effective firing the last few days and the Germans were bent on putting them out of commission. It was probably due to the efficiency of our intelligence department that we were informed of Fritz's plan.

Promptly at two-thirty the first token of love came to us from across the blue line. For a few minutes the shelling was not very intense and we thought it would not last very long. But it was not Fritz's nature to spare us. Within fifteen minutes shells were coming over faster than we could count them.

At the first s-s-slosh-plomp of a gas shell we were on the alert and it was not long before we had to put on our gas masks. A gas mask is not the most comfortable thing to wear in warm weather, but a little discomfort for a short time is better than the effects of gas.

Fritz did not confine himself to 77's and gas shells alone but he used 205's and the next morning we found holes made by Russian 308's. The Germans had captured many of the Russian guns and were firing shells in them which were made in the United States. The whistling, screaming and screeching sound made by three or four different sizes of shells, whizzing by directly over our heads and exploding only a few yards away did not cause a very pleasant sensation. There was only three or four feet of cover over us and we could hear very



distinctly the dull thud of pieces of shrapnel as they struck the hard road above us.

It was almost useless to try to keep the candle lighted because every time a big shell exploded near it was blown out. Even the gas curtain was nearly blown down two or three times. Occasionally a flying piece of shell struck the side of the trench, glanced against the curtain and rolled to the bottom of the trench.

For a whole hour this ceaseless firing continued and for two hours, three hours, four hours, the despicable Hun continued to hurl his metallic and gaseous instruments of death at us. Would that terrible noise ever cease? Minutes seemed like hours and hours seemed like days, our masks commenced to feel decidedly uncomfortable, our faces burned and itched from the close fitting face piece, our throats began to feel dry, our noses were almost numb from the tight fit of the nose clip, at any minute a shell might smash through into the dugout and there would be nothing left of us but our identification tags if they were ever found. Why did we not leave this living hell and flee to some point of safety? If the infantry in the front line trenches had fled every time they were shelled the Germans would have been over country long ago. Suppose we had left the dugout, it was dark and it is not an easy matter to find one's way in the night with a gas mask on. Even if we did not have on a mask the shrapnel were bursting so close overhead and high explosives were striking so near that it would have been suicide to leave the trench. In case we were ordered out to act as a support for the infantry no one would be available for duty if we were scattered all over the surrounding country.

It was nearly seven o'clock when the shelling commenced to die down but it did not entirely cease. I stepped out to the gas curtain, pulled it aside and was welcomed by the sharp zing of what proved to be a small piece of the rotating band of a shell. The Germans seemed to be concentrating their fire on the village of Beaumont now but it was not long before we were driven in under cover again.

This time they kept us in nearly two hours but about ten o'clock the firing ceased altogether. It was with a great feeling of relief that we removed our gas masks and ventured into the open air. The atmosphere in the trench was still heavily laden with gas but this was soon cleared away by the wind.

The first thing that attracted our attention was a large shell hole in the side of the trench. A 77 had struck about eight feet from the entrance to our dugout and filled the trench nearly a third full of dirt and rocks. That, then, was what had caused our curtain to nearly tear away from its hangings.

Luckily none of our men were hurt but when we stepped out of the trench the first spectacle to greet us was two artillery men coming toward us bearing a body on a stretcher. We learned afterwards that he was hit while carrying ammunition for one of the guns. Those of our company who were in Beaumont were less fortunate. One man was killed by the concussion of a big shell and four others including the first sergeant were seriously wounded.

This is a mere circumstance in comparison to thousands of other experiences thru which men come untouched and yet people have been heard to remark, "But they do not really kill the Germans over there do they?"

---

### TO-DAY

GERALD BUKER, '20

Back of the sombre manner  
By which the mind is wrought,  
Back of the voice and clamor  
The seeker may find the thot;  
The thot that is ever the master  
Of love and truth and life,  
That rises thru all disaster  
And keeps us in the strife.

The fool may laugh and gesture  
With manner's and custom's clothes,  
But back of him stands the thinker  
The clear-eyed man who knows;  
For with every deed the doer  
Must place a step for a goal,  
Must show to the world a vision  
Which gives to his work a soul.

Back of the city's humming,  
Back of the water's flow,  
Back of the daily shuffle,  
Under the sun's bright glow  
There is the eye which scans them,  
Relieving the stress and strain,  
There—the mind which plans them—  
Back of the plan, the brain.

Might of a marching army,  
Force of an engine's thrust,  
Strength of a nation's spirit,  
Greatly in these we trust.  
But back of them stands the schemer,  
The thinker who guides things thru,  
Back of the thots—the dreamer  
Who's making his dream come true.



**ON BARBER SHOPS**

DAVID THOMPSON, '22

Barber shops! The only places in which man can let his vanity have full sway! There, amidst the fearful and wonderful implements of the tonsorial art, his pride in his manly beauty has full scope to express itself,—but more of this later.

It is in the barber shop of the small town rather than in the pretentious and spotless establishments of the city that we find human nature in its various forms of expression. Usually a one-man shop, is the form, but this one man makes up in conversation for what the shop lacks in the number of barbers. Here whilst reclining in the somewhat hubbly comfort of the cushioned chair, (which, by the way, the barber informs you, is “the latest hydraulic type direct from N’York, yes siree!”) you may hear all the news of the town, the manner in which the government should be run, how Bill Parsons was cheated in a horse trade by Lem Wilkins, and a host of other things.

Let us take a chair back here in the corner and observe a few of the genus homo in search of beauty. To be sure, this is digression, but only for a moment.

Ah! Enter, the small-town Beau Brummel with pinch-back suit and brass-band neck-tie. He has a slightly blasé frown on his forehead and a slight grassy down on his cheek. “Shave?”, says the barber, not even smiling, showing that his sense of humor is as lacking as is the hair on his pate. The youth assents and the razor glides without a struggle over the smooth fresh skin. After this, the lad has his hair cut, a la Francis Bushman, and then a massage which leaves him a true mother’s pride and joy. Oh hum! We’re only young once!

He departs, and an evil-looking French-Canadian courier du bois, who appears to be lurking in ambush behind an immense beard, enters. His hair is ragged over his ears, and he lurches into the chair with a gesture which the barber rightly interprets

as meaning "Take 'em off!" As the scissors clip and the razor scrapes, lo and behold, we see emerging a truly handsome fellow, with well-shaped head and firm white skin. We can imagine him all scented with bay-rum, going to see his sweetheart Annette to-night. Could he be sure of a warm greeting if he came all unshaven and unshorn? Possibly, but not probably. Thus the little barber shop plays its part in helping the world to go around.

But it is nearly closing time, and the barber cleanses his razors and folds his white coat in preparation for closing the shop. We rouse ourselves from a half-doze occasioned by the sleepy atmosphere of the place; then with a last look at the cracked mirror before the chair, the rows of white mugs with their owners' names in gilt paint, the calendar (dated 1902), the fly-specked poster advertising a month-old sociable at the Methodist Church, the stuffed owl on its glass-incased pedestal, we bid the barber farewell and go away, wondering if the ghosts of mown whiskers moan there in the night. Promoter of sociability, of beauty, and, yes, of democracy, the barber shop is an integral part of the life of the small community.

How different is the white-tiled city barber shop! Here business is business and if you happen to mention to the gentleman in the next chair that it's an excellent day for the race, meaning human race, he will stare at you with a contemptuous look and like as not snap out, "What race?" The spirit of comradeship here is apparently minus zero. Furthermore, if you fail to tip the glorious personage who has condescended to remove your disguise, then his manner makes you feel so small that you snatch your hat from the hook and almost run out the door.

In conclusion, I will put forth my strongest point in favor of the barber shop, namely, it has kept the world safe for democracy. If there were no barber shops, whiskers would wave from every cheek and chin. Whiskers are the greatest known promoter of a Bolshevik. Therefore, a reign of Bolshevism would sweep over our fair land if the barber shop failed to cut it off at its source,—whiskers!

**"FOR EAST IS EAST"**

RUTH STILES, '21

*Dramatis Personae*

Jane—Aged eight, a very important personage.

San Blossom—A ten year old Japanese girl.

Aunt Mary—A Missionary from Northern Japan visiting at Jane's home.

John Baxter—A civil engineer stationed in Japan and the father of Jane.

## SCENE:

The scene takes place in the living room of the Baxter's Japanese bungalow. The room is rather small with four windows opening out, onto a veranda where a Japanese garden is visible. A small wicker table in the center of the room is covered with books and magazines. At the right side of the room there is an image of Buddha about a foot high which stands upon a small table. All around the room there are large jardinieres of Japanese flowers.

The sound of laughter is heard and two children run into the room. The little American girl carries an immense doll under one arm in a careless way. The Japanese girl dressed in a bright colored silk kimono carries in one hand a small bowl of rice and in the other a few lilies.

Blossom approaches the Buddha, bows reverently, places the bowl of rice and the flowers at the base of the small idol and then backs away keeping her eyes constantly upon it.

Blossom—O great and powerful Buddha send me a wonderful shut-its-eyes doll like Jane's.

[Jane standing in scornful contempt watching Blossom, steps over to her and shakes her fist at the idol.]

Jane—You're no good! Nothin' but wood, you're a wooden head. I asked you five times last week to send me a baby brother and you ain't done it yet.



*Blossom, shocked*—You mustn't! Some awful harm will come to you should you talk like that.

*Jane*—Puh! I'd jes' as soon hit that ole thing—I bet I can hit him on the head an' nothin' will happen [*steps toward the idol but Blossom runs in front of her.*]

*Blossom*—No—no—ples'! Lightenin' will come—my grandmother told me—she knows, but if you pray every day and offer cakes and rice perhaps he will send you a baby brother.

*Jane, still scornful*—Huh! Didn't I do that five times?

*Blossom*—But you did'n' kneel an' you ate half of the cake.

*Jane, brightening*—Maybe that's it. I'll try jus' once more. [*She pulls a much jammed cake from her pocket and looks at it dubiously*] It's kind'er squashed an' I licked the frostin' but I guess it will do. [*Imitating Blossom she approaches the idol and kneels.*] Please send me a baby brother, remember he's got to be smaller than me an' don't let him have red hair like the Murphey's. [*She puts the cake upon the table and backs away.*] Come on Blossom let's go out and play, I 'spose he's got to have time to think over our prayers.

[*The two children go out the center door just as a maiden lady and a tall business-like looking man enter from the left.*]

*Aunt Mary, very prim and proper, glances criticisingly about the room and her eye catches the idol.*—John Baxter do you mean to tell me that you keep that heathen idol here in your house for your child to see, as if there weren't enough of the thing in all the other houses. Just look at that bowl of rice and the cake! [*She looks at him searchingly*] John I hope you haven't taken up this heathen practice!

*Mr. Baxter, laughing*—Nonsense, Aunt, of course not. Probably the children have been playing here and left their luncheon, you know they eat all over the house since Margaret went.

*Aunt Mary*—Well, I should think it was a good thing that I came and looked after that child. [*She goes over to the Buddha*] John, that thing makes me nervous. You needn't think I'm going to have it in plain sight while I'm here. [*She takes down the Buddha and puts it behind a screen.*] Where's Jane?

*Mr. Baxter*—Oh! she's out playing with Blossom I suppose,

they stay in the garden most of the time.

*Aunt Mary*—Well, I should think that Jane ought to have a sister, the idea of her associating with these heathen children and learning their idolatrous ways. Now, if I—*Servant, enters and announces, Telephone, Mr. Baxter. Mr. Baxter goes out hastily. His voice chants back from the hall. It's a boy and I'm off to the hospital. Aunt Mary goes out taking dish of rice and the cake.*

*Jane and Blossom rush in.*

*Jane*—Daddy—daddy, where is he? I was going to ask him [*looks toward stand where Buddha had stood*] Blossom, where's Buddha, where's the rice and the cake?

*Blossom, dumbfounded but awful*—Jane, the great god has ate the rice and retired. Sometimes they do, my grandmother said so.

*Jane, twirling around*—Blossom, I don't like your god, he's too spooky, anyway he's only wood and couldn't eat that rice. *She stands looking out the window, then starts out of the room bumping into her Aunt Mary.*

*Aunt Mary*—Jane, can't I teach you to pick up, you left a whole bowl of rice and some cakes on the stand. You should eat in the dining room and not all over the house.

*Blossom, looking at her solemnly*—You should not a' touch 'em, they was for Buddha.

*Jane*—Oh, Aunt Mary, you've spoiled it, now I won't get any baby brother at all.

*Aunt Jane, staring*—What! didn't I tell John that these children were getting you into heathen ways.

*Mr. Baxter enters from left and rushes over to Jane*—Come into the hall Jane, I've something to tell you. [*He leads Jane out, who is clinging to his arm.*]

*Aunt Jane stands looking disapprovingly at Blossom, who stands twisting the corner of her sash.*

*Jane, rushing in and standing in front of Blossom jumps up and down*—O Blossom, what do you think? I got the baby brother but [*disdainfully*] he's got red hair.

*Blossom, disappointedly*—But I didn't get no doll.



*Jane*—Of course not, that ol'e Buddha is no good. I know he didn't send the brother. My God did, he's up in heaven and I asked him every night, but how did he happen to send one with red hair?

*Curtain*

---

### A BIT OF LIFE FROM LINCOLN STREET

AGNES PAGE, '20

Lincoln Street in Lewiston probably has the worst name of any street in the city. Those who, by virtue of a more remote connection with Europe, call themselves Americans are likely to sniff and mutter "foreigners" or more impolite phrases when asked about the population of the street. Yet, down among the shabby, dirty stores and shabbier, dirtier houses the city Y. W. C. A. has planted a spot as truly American as any place in the city. A very modest sign in the lower tenement of a very ordinary house announces that here is the "Young Woman's Institute." Here workers from the Christian Association hold free classes in English for the foreign women and children. Everything is done to make the work as fascinating as possible, and the workers try to make their students feel that the teachers are truly interested in them.

Several afternoons a week, classes in English and sewing are held for the children of the locality. Twice a week evening classes in English are held for the older girls and the women. Since most of the girls who come to the Institute know no English, and have little time to spend in outside study, no attempt is made to teach them English grammar. Instead, words which will be used in every-day life are taught. These words are repeated at each lesson until they are well learned and have become a part of the pupil's vocabulary. After a time easy sentences are used. As the student becomes more advanced a book prepared for foreigners learning English is used. This book is made up of a series of lessons which introduce the words which are most likely to be needed in conversation. The very ad-



vanced pupils are taught to write in English. The progress is, of course, slow but considering the time spent in study, the advance is amazingly swift.

The attendance of the Greek girls at the classes is not sought eagerly, but the workers have slowly made the acquaintance of the girls and have won them over to the classes. The opposition of the husbands and fathers to the idea of the women learning English and American ways has to be slowly overcome. Greek women have always led a very secluded and repressed kind of life. They seldom appear in public, and they are closely bound by custom.

The students who attend the classes are of all ages. Some are girls of fifteen or sixteen, others are married women. Their eagerness to learn to be Americans sometimes causes a lump to rise in the teacher's throat. They strive so hard and are held back so long by customs and ideas brought with them from Greece. The unmarried girls have far better chances for a happy life and future than the married women. Married at an early age to some one chosen for her by her father, the Greek girl faces a future full of hard work brightened by few of the pleasures we Americans know. Many of the marriages are unhappy having often been arranged for mercenary reasons.

Among the girls who attended the evening English class was one whom we will call Vasilke Anagyros. She was a bright, pretty little girl eighteen years old, who had come to America to be with her father. Her mother and the rest of the family had remained in Greece. Mr. Anagyros had not had his daughter join him from purely sentimental reasons. He was determined that Vasilke should be a paying proposition. With that end in view he had taken her to a factory and had secured a job for her with the result that before she had been in America very long Vasilke had joined the great army of shoe workers.

Vasilke did not think of objecting to her work, nor did she dream of refusing to hand her pay over to her father. Obedience to the masculine element in the family is second nature to all well trained Greek women, and Vasilke had been well trained by her father. His lightest word was law. Not that Mr. Anag-

gyros was unkind to his daughter, on the contrary, he was very fond of her and usually allowed her a part of her wages to spend as she wished.

The work at the factory interested Vasilke very much. She was naturally quick and learned the processes of her machine easily. The girls about her filled her with admiration. Although most of them were French with a few Greeks scattered among them, to her they were American. She tried to copy their dress and manners, and even succeeded in learning a few slang phrases such as "Aw gwan," and "Believe me." These phrases constituted her entire knowledge of English.

Vasilke's attempts at self-Americanization pleased Mr. Anagyros, but amused him more. He was very careful to keep Vasilke safely at home most of the time after working hours. He did not, however, withhold his consent when Vasilke asked permission to attend the free classes in English at the Young Woman's Institute. Vasilke learned eagerly. She was extremely proud of her scanty knowledge of English and practiced her accomplishment on the girls at the factory. One day while she was airing her English a young Greek fellow, called George, who worked in the same department said jokingly:

"Are you going to be an American, Vasilke?"

"Yes." replied Vasilke, "me American."

From that time on Vasilke had a great aim in life. She wanted to become an American. She copied everything she could copy. The teacher of the English class, noticing Vasilke's desire, aided and directed her as much as possible.

Vasilke continued to go to the Y. W. C. A. English classes and to practice her English at the factory. George often helped her with difficult words. Vasilke found George very nice. He helped her care for her machine, and often walked part way home with her at night. He was the first American man Vasilke had ever known. George was a real American, too, for he had taken out his first naturalization papers, a fact which gave him an added halo in her eyes.

Vasilke had attended the English class for several months, but one night she was absent. The other girls were very much ex-



cited, and they were not slow in communicating the cause of their excitement to the teacher. Vasilke had committed the terrible and unpardonable crime of marrying the man of her choice without her father's consent. The stories concerning the match differed somewhat. Some girls said Vasilke had fled in the middle of the night, others said she had met George at the factory and that her father had objected to him, still others declared that George was an absolutely worthless fellow; and one and all agreed that Vasilke's father would never forgive her.

After her marriage Vasilke attended several English classes. Her limited command of English prevented her from saying much, but smiles can convey as much meaning as words. She was radiantly happy and deeply in love. The girls in the class were rather unkind, although perhaps some of their attitude was due to the fact that the men of their families had told them to have nothing to do with her. They behaved toward Vasilke in the traditional catty manner which women use toward those of their sex who have been the first to lay aside old wornout customs. Evidently this hostile attitude was keenly felt, for Vasilke soon stopped coming to class.

The teacher went to call on Vasilke in her new home. She proudly showed the worker about the small tenement, where everything was spotlessly clean and very American, for Vasilke was determined to have an American home as well as an American marriage.

The teacher found George to be a nice-looking young fellow, very fond of his wife. Despite the tales told about him, he was as he himself expressed it, "no bum."

When the worker left, she resolved to call again, for she felt that Vasilke, the breaker of customs, would need the friendly aid of the Y. W. C. A. There would be times when she would long for the old ties, which once cast aside could never be renewed, for Vasilke had become an American.



**THE BES' TIME 'O ALL TIMES FER ME**

D. I. HASKELL, '21

W'en Marget she plays the pianner,  
 An' the kittle's a-singin' fer tea,  
 W'en night-time's a-dark'nin' the winder,  
 Thet's the bes' time o' all times fer me.

The fire's shootin' flames up the chimbley  
 An' the pine-log's a-cracklin' with glee,  
 The oil-lamps a-sputt'rin' an' winkin'—  
 Thet's the bes' time o' all times fer me.

The wind's sneakin' round an' a-whinin'  
 Fer ter get way inside whar we be,  
 An' Marget she smiles sort o' slow-like—  
 Thet's the bes' time o' all times fer me.

The things on the shelf seem ter lissen  
 An' the winders are tryin' to see—  
 W'en Marget she plays the pianner,  
 Thet's the bes' time o' all times fer me.

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**EVERYSTUDENT**

RUTH COLBURN, '21

*Dramatis Personae**Everystudent.**Cheating.**Study.**Flunk.*

*The scene is laid in Everystudent's room at Any College. At the left of the room is a couch, upon which are several gaily colored cushions; near the couch is a library table strewn with*

books and papers. At the back of the room are two windows, between them is a book case. A door opens at the right. On the walls are several banners, a picture and a tennis racquet. Three chairs and a waste basket complete the furnishings of the room. Everystudent enters and drops upon the couch, his head in his hands. He wears a green athletic sweater with a large black "A" upon it.

Everystudent What is a fellow going to do with so many people pestering him? I'm not anxious to room with anyone.

(A knock is heard.)

Come in.

Study enters and sits down. He is a tall thin youth, he wears tortoise shell glasses and carries several books under his arm.

Study—Ah! I see you are still alone. Have you decided with whom you are going to room?

Everystudent (Rises and walks to the window)—No, I haven't. I may not room with anyone. Ah! (Looks out the window) There goes Pleasure with her friend Co-education. Stunning girls! You know Pleasure and Flunk are cousins.

Study—So I've heard. Are they very desirable companions?

Everystudent—That's just it, Study! If I room with you I shall have to stop going to the theatre and to dances with Pleasure and what is more I won't be able to spend my spare time walking with Co-education. You're altogether too exacting, if you'll pardon my telling you so. (Comes over to the table and sits down by it). Now any other fellow—

Study—Oh! Now that I think of it, who was that man I saw you talking to yesterday in class?

Everystudent—Why-er-a-that was Cheating.

Study—So that was Cheating! Hm! He surely looks as harmless as a dove. I daresay he is as wise as a serpent. Yesterday I saw him talking rather warmly to Flunk.

Everystudent—Yes, they have known each other for a long time, but they don't agree very well. Cheating says he knows Graduation. Do you suppose I'll ever meet him?

*Study*—Not if you depend upon Cheating to introduce you. He may know Graduation, but I'll wager Graduation doesn't know him. Well, so long. (*Rises and goes out*).

*Everystudent*, (*calls after him*)—Come in later and I will let you know what I decide to do.

(*To himself*)—Well, I don't believe I care about rooming with him.

(*A knock.*)

Yes, come in.

*Enter Flunk and Cheating.*

*Cheating* (*Somewhat angrily*)—What's this talk about your rooming with Study?

*Everystudent*—I haven't told anyone that I intended to room with him.

*Cheating*—Are you going to?

*Everystudent*—I think not.

*Cheating*—Well, then you'll have to take one of us. Here are two rooms for four people. How are you going to arrange it? You've refused to room with Study. Which of us will you take? Come on now and I'll put in a good word for you with Graduation. I'm sure Flunk and Study will agree better than Study and I.

*Everystudent*—But if I room with you?

*Cheating*—Well, you'll have to give up your fine friend Honor, for I can't endure him.

*Everystudent*—No, I won't desert Honor, he has always stood by me. I think I will take Flunk.

*Flunk*—You must give up Pride.

*Everystudent*—And Graduation?

*Flunk*—I don't know him.

*Everystudent*—Wait. (*goes to the window and calls to Study.*) I say—come back a minute.

(*Enter Study.*)

*Everystudent*—If I room with Cheating I must give up Honor; if I take Flunk I must desert Pride and give up all hope of meeting Graduation. What are your terms?



*Study*—Well, to begin with you must give up Cheating and Flunk all-together.

*Everystudent*—How about Pleasure and Co-education?

*Study*—Well, I suppose it would do me no harm to make the acquaintance of Pleasure, neither will it harm you to spend part of your time with Co-education. I have it! You give me an introduction to Pleasure and I will see that you meet Graduation, I happen to know him well. If you once meet Graduation he will never desert you. What do you say to that?

*Everystudent*—Done!

*They shake hands as Cheating and Flunk slip out of the door.*





## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

Tourists of the world will find no education complete without a study of the curious empire known as Batesina.

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Batesina is a dual monarchy, having limited and an absolute monarchy within its borders. The decrees of the ruling ones are rigid and well enforced. For example, all Absolutonians must be indoors by sundown and asleep before darkness settles over the empire. Banishment is the usual form of punishment. Prohibition is the principle underlying all laws.

Batesina can be reached only by taking passage on the good ship Figure Eight which sails each day at noon from Red City and two o'clock at Lewistone.

### Miscellaneous Information:

It is an ideal place to spend the Spring. Special composition sidewalks, conforming to the shape of the foot make walking a pleasure. At this season, the imported Polish spring water is served hourly to prevent Spring Fever. Spring poets will find a great sufficiency of inspirations for their art any time of day by taking a stroll across Campus Plains. Love, friendship, brilliance, or any other similar subject will be seen personified one hundred per cent.

A fine view of the world is presented from the astronomical summit of Mt. David—bring your own telescope.

Chimes are played every Thursday morning at 6.15 o'clock.—All the latest *sheet* music.

Mosquito bog, near Garcelon pasture lands, rivals the bogs of the New Jersey Coast.

The chance for amusement is large and varied; Ping Pong at the Y Hut, singing and chewing gum are popular sports at all seasons. At the semi-annual balls, conversation and marching are popular features of the evening.

*More specific information will be given in our next Bulletin.*

Through the street of By-and-by, journeying forever  
Slowly one comes at last to the house of never.

*Spanish Proverb.*

Would-be Singer (*mostly would-be*): Jerusalem, my happy home,

Would God I were with thee—

Weary Roommate (*aside*): Would God you were!

The breath should be kept pure and sweet. Onions are the forbidden fruit of the century.

*"Sensible Etiquette" published 1878.*

True for 1919. Rand Hall menu always includes onions on festive nights.

Enthusiasm comes with the revelation of true and satisfying objects of devotion; and it is enthusiasm which sets the powers free.

*Woodrow Wilson.*

### A ONE-ACT TRAGEDY

A rising young freshman (we won't tell his name)  
Thought he'd get into the writing game.  
With courage in hand (oh, yes, he had plenty)  
He dropped in to see our Chief Ed. (1920)  
But he couldn't agree his talents to waste  
On news or alumni, they were not to his taste.—  
And calmly replied without thot of jest,  
"I think I could write *editorials* best.

Curtain!

For once, Harvey had nothing to say.



“The best direction for going thru life is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in this world.”

Were I in heaven and none in heaven but me  
Not hell so sad a dwelling-place would be.

*Goethe*



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